

Squib's Column.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
"ANXIOUS MOTHER." Lead Johnny the gun if it has no trigger.

"HEMO." You can hold some crackers between your teeth, but we object to fire crackers, unless you have several teeth to be extracted at one time.

"PYROTECHNIC." Sparks fly naturally and irresponsibly, especially when maiden ladies gather for confab.

"ENQUIRER." Gunpowder is made of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, well mixed together and dried. The proportion often differs according to where you get it. That purchased of grocers is apt to contain plenty of charcoal.

"BLOOMFIELD." The experiment of lighting gunpowder on top of a fence is not a new one, dating back to the first Fourth of July after the manufacture of fences. Be careful to have a hand handy and don't lay the powder on too thick; it might set your fence back from the road a short distance.

"MUSKET." The "flat-lock" will not hurt you—if you don't fire it off. If you wish to aroose the country, put the stock against a large tree and blaze away.

OUR OWN SQUIB.

Blow Lights.—Those used to light (?) the cars going through the tunnel.

Chasers.—Cattle on the track in pursuit of slow freight trains.

Grasshoppers.—All who attempt to cross the salt-meadows after a shower.

Double-dealers.—Those who have had another head put on them.

Sky Rockets.—Members of the Euclidian Society.

Roaming Candles.—Morris and Essex "dips."

TORPEDOS.
"Sh-(hic)-us'n today's Declared dependant (hic) an I'm afraid yer been (hic) d—drinking!"

A new arrival at Wheeling, W. Va., has been christened "Andrew—Jackson—Gordon—James—Buchanan—Raise the flag and fire the canon Dobbins." He was baptised at intervals.

"For the day (hic) we celebrate (hic) woner if they'll have n-other Tea party this year!"

A Montclair youth of great hope and promise went into a blacksmith shop one Fourth of July with his pocket full of powder "to see the sparks fly." When he came out he made a hole in the roof.

Snoodles, Jr., has become a Millerite and ascended from Orange. He "kept the Fourth" with his father's five dollar shot gun; both went off at the same time and neither have been seen since.

Over in Belleville they take the large "Union Torpedo" to cut teeth on. They cut.

At Roseville, one boy holds the rocket while another sets it off. It takes a new boy to each rocket.

HOW SQUIB SPENT THE FOURTH.

"Wife," said Squib, to the lady who had assumed his euphonious title, "tomorrow will be the 'galorous Fourth' how shall we celebrate it?"

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Squib soothed her chagrin meditatively, looked out upon the well-worn croquet lawn, at the carriage bespattered with mud, from recent use, and then at the ponies which had just been purchased for saddle only.

"I have it," said she; "let us try the ponies!" Squib was agreeable; in fact he was about to make the same proposition, and it was so decided.

The tooting of E. flat fish-horns roused Mr. and Mrs. Squib several times between dawn and the respectable hour of seven o'clock, at which, with their accustomed regularity, they arose, but they set it down as the idiotic manifestation of embryonic patriotism, and dozed away.

At sunrise a grand salute, of one gun for every star in the flag, succeeded in rousing Squib's sonorous hostler, who, after assuring himself that he was in no way injured by the discharge, nor yet discharged for his many shortcomings, recollected his country's natal day, wherefore he gave the ponies a good square meal to start on and a peck or two of oats extra spiced, to keep them going when started. Mr. and Mrs. Squib stowed away a few extra waffles at breakfast, to strengthen them for their day's ride, contributed to several illumination funds when urged thereto by their neighbors, with a view to sundry town displays, and finally ordered up the horses.

Mrs. Squib unfortunately had rather too much hat for a small head, but that gave her no uneasiness, and soon attired, she made her appearance.

Squib had bought himself a new high hat and booted and spurred, he helped his wife into one saddle and soon occupied the one beside her.

Now be it known that Mr. and Mrs. Squib had been on horseback before, but it did not occur to them that some thirteen years had elapsed since they had availed themselves of this particular means of locomotion. "Let's canter," said Mrs. Squib, and touching her horse with the whip, she dashed ahead. Now Squib is not one of the sort of men who had as lief be beaten as not; on the contrary he is one of the stamp who will win, or die in the attempt; so he sang out cheerfully, "all right, Mrs. Squib, I'm coming!"

And so he was, though not in the precise manner he had expected. A lad, in whose deep blue eye there shone the light of say ten or twelve summers, sang "My Country 'tis of Thee," as he saw them coming up the road, got a huge fire-cracker ready, and as Mr. Squib attempted to urge forward his horse, facilitated matters by dropping that piece of explosive pasteboard just behind the animal. What with early oats now rapidly digesting, a smart cut with the whip and the explosion of the cracker, it occurred to the horse that it was about time to start, so with a snort and a whinny, he lifted his hind feet suddenly, and Mr. Squib stood on his new tile in the center of the road, about a rod in advance of Mrs. Squib. Partis passing at the time said confidently that he had not enjoyed a Sabbath School training, while they un-

feelingly giggled at his wild attempts to catch his Mustang. Several boys assisted him, headed him off and bawled "hi, there! whoa!" and made use of many other expressions designed to soothe a stampeding horse's nerves, while Squib addressed the animal in a high key with great fervor and evidently without weighing his words.

At last he caught and remounted him and overtook his wife.

The boys were now all along the road, with fire crackers, torpedoes, blue lights and "double headed Dutchmen," where with they kept up a continual rumpus, indicative of their love of country.

Mr. and Mrs. Squib went over the ground at an astonishing gait, and it soon occurred to the former, that his saddle was new and stiff and his clothing thin and rapidly getting thinner, while the stiffness of the saddle was obviously catching. They managed to keep their seats, but though they often endeavored to stop, the horses would not hear to such a thing, though several times admonished and brought in harrowing accents so to do. They therefore made a virtue of necessity and concluded to keep on, which they did until having gone over and around several mountains, they persuaded their recalcitrant steeds to go home.

The Doctor thinks Mrs. Squib will eventually recover, possibly in time to give certain valuable testimony in the case of Brown, the saddler vs. Squib, the equitarian, an action to recover the value of a saddle purchased by the defendant on the 2d. of July, who alleges in his defense that he had to walk slowly and with great care to his office, and change places with the cashier at the high desk when he returned to his business. He says he has two saddle ponies for sale cheap. C. H. R.

MARRIED,

POST.—At the residence of the bride's parents at Pine Brook, N. J., by Rev. C. K. Read, Abram Post, of Pompton Plains, N. J. to Miss Laura C. Kent of the former place.

DIED,

FISH.—At Montclair, N. J., Thursday, June 23, Alibnia Daggett, wife of Thomas D. Fish, and daughter of the late Dr. Leroy M. Yale, of Martha's Vineyard.

COCKER.—At Bloomfield, N. J., June 19, 1874, William Cockerfair in the 64th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral from his late residence on Sunday at 2 o'clock P.M.

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